

# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.  
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, June 19, 1802.

### OLD NICK: A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

#### VOL. II.—CHAP. XVI.

*Barclay departs.—The dramatic plan he adopts.—Irregular stanzas.—Gipsies.—A fight.—Description of a magnificent dwelling.—The ditcher.—His grave for a proud man.—Reflections on death.—The best thing Nature has bestowed on us.—What blessing Barclay does not wish those he loves to enjoy before him.—An awful thought.—Buttered muffins and suicide.*

YOUNG Lindley parted with our hero, to retire to rest, under the impression that he would continue with him for some time;—but Barclay feeling no desire to stay there any longer, gave Gregory notice to be ready early in the morning; and before any of the family were stirring, they beat a march.

Barclay was well aware, that if he had intimated his intention of going, he should have been prevented, and therefore followed this mode of retreat, leaving a note on the dressing-table for young Lindley, thanking him for his hospitality, and, lest he should be chased, he pretended to take a very different road from the one he meant to pursue.

Our travellers journeyed on all that day, without any occurrence that deserves to be recorded. Barclay's thoughts, however, since they set out on their pedestrian expedition, had been incessantly employed in devising what scheme he should adopt, when he arrived in London, to extricate him from his difficulties. He had heard that dramatic productions were very lucra-

tive; and knowing, from what he had seen of them, that very little talent was required to produce a play, he resolved to attempt one. He soon fixed on a fable which he intended should comprise his own adventures, adding such other incidents as he might find necessary to its completion: but whether he should make it a tragedy, comedy, or opera, was a matter of great doubt with him for some time. In many instances, he thought his story well adapted to produce comic effects, but in his heart he felt that it was truly tragical. At length, however, he determined to convert his materials into an opera, and mourn over his fate in plaintive ditty.

Wrapped up in this idea, he would at one time stand still, and at another seat himself on a gate or stile, and, taking out his pocket-book, put down his ideas of scenes, characters, and situations for song. Sometimes he would write a song, and hum it, or speak a speech, as he proceeded, to the great astonishment of Gregory, who could not guess what he was at.

The second day after they had left Sir William Lindley's, Barclay, coming to a part of the country so beautiful, that it seemed one entire garden, seated himself on a bank, Gregory having lagged behind, and drew forth his paper, and began to indulge his muse. On the present occasion, Penelope wholly usurped his mind, and he devoted the moment to her, celebrating her under the title of *Lesbia*, in the following wild, irregular stanzas:

#### TO LESBIA.

Though hence, my *Lesbia*, far I rove,  
Still me,  
Of thee,  
All Nature will remind;  
Since all that's sweet in Nature, when combin'd,  
Forms her I love!

II.

Where blows,  
The rose,  
The bee luxuriant sips;  
There, lovely *Lesbia*, there I think of thee,  
And times when I, more happy than the bee,  
Drank nectar from thy lips.

III.

If on the wings of zephyrs fleet,  
The nightingale's melodious note,  
My trembling heart is mov'd;  
For then, methinks, again I hear,  
That heav'nly voice, to mem'ry dear,  
That told me first, my *Lesbia* lov'd!

IV.

As to the air the violet breathes its sweets,  
My heaving breast with sudden transport beats;  
And here and there I look with hope and fear,  
Thinking of my *Lesbia* near!

V.

When in some lonely wood I see  
The tender, happy doves,  
O *Lesbia*, then I think of thee,  
And of our loves!

VI.

And when their joys the hawk relentless spies,  
And through the skies  
Pursues his deadly way,  
And pounces on his prey;  
Again of thee I think with sighs,  
Lest death, like him, should seize thee for his prize;  
Bear thee—ah, cruel! from the realms of day,  
And leave unhappy me to weep my life away!

Barclay had scarcely finished these lines, when his poetical raptures were disturbed by a violent uproar; and he presently saw Gregory, at some distance, running towards him, with three fellows at his heels. The fact was, that Gregory seeing a pretty little gipsy sitting under a hedge, he had stooped to chat with her . . . . . Three of her gang surprised him. Gregory's bundle was their object. He took to his heels, and they pursued him. When he came up to Barclay he faced

about, and both brandishing their stout cudgels, they fell too, pell mell. I will not say with Ariosto,

That which fell out betwixt these warriors bold,  
I here reserve to be next chapter told;\*

for I'll let you into the whole story at once.

The gypsies being stout athletic fellows, and more accustomed to bludgeons than our travellers, quickly disarmed them, and after securing the bundle, and plundering them of all their money, made off, threatening to murder them, if they presumed to follow.

Considerably bruised, and robbed of all their property, Barclay and Gregory stood looking at each other, without knowing what to say or do.

'A pretty pass your amours have brought us to,' said Barclay, breaking silence.

Gregory was unable to speak, and our hero, adding words still more severe, he began to sob most piteously, which so moved Barclay, that he changed his tone, and tho' highly incensed, endeavoured to put a good face on the affair, saying, 'Come, it's bad enough to lose our money, but don't let us make bad worse, by grieving about it. We'll go on, perhaps we may meet with those that will assist us in the pursuit of these villains.'

The country, as I have observed, was truly beautiful; and Barclay, in a very serious mood, followed by Gregory, as miserable as a condemned criminal, bent his way onwards, until he came to a park wall, by the side of which they walked, and at length came to a magnificent lodge and entrance.

The gates were open, and no one appearing, Barclay went in, and contemplated the most grand and luxurious spot he had ever beheld. The house was supported by Corinthian pillars, and more resembled a palace than any thing else: swelling lawns and verdant slopes, meandering streams, hanging woods, temples, statues of fawns, &c. met the eye on every side; pillars reared, with inscriptions to commemorate the deeds of the owner's ancestors in war, heads of deer, green-houses, hot-houses, pheasantry, grottoes, cascades; every description of prospect; all that favouring nature and consummate art could afford of the sublime and beautiful in picturesque, presented itself in the enchanting scene.

While gazing on this splendour, Barclay could not help reflecting on his own miserable state, and for a moment, envying its possessor. 'I once was happy, I once was rich!' said he.—'would to heaven that I had then died!'

\* Orland. Fur. cant. 1. 81. Hug.

Here he was interrupted by Gregory, who came to tell him that he had been speaking to a ditcher close by about the gypsies, and he told him they had plundered the whole country, and that there was no chance of their recovering what they had stolen.

Our hero, on hearing this, left the park, to go and inquire of the man, who was the master of this noble domain; when turning out of the gate, he saw a long parade of mourning coaches coming towards him, with a hearse and eight horses, covered with such an abundance of plumes, that it seemed as if it were about to fly to heaven with the deceased. Coming to the ditcher, an old healthy peasant, Barclay asked him whose remains were conveying to their last home with so much pomp and ceremony.

'The Earl of —,' answered the man, 'the proudest gentleman for many a mile round; but he's dead, and there's an end on't. Yon finery will be of little service to him now: he might as well have been buried in this ditch.'

'True, true enough,' said Barclay, turning from him, and proceeding forwards.—After a few moments meditation, he exclaimed, 'thus it is, the certainty of death, as well to him who revels in riches, luxury and power, as to him who pines in wretchedness and want, makes the former scarcely worth being coveted, and the latter no great object of lamentation. It creates content;—it embitters the joys of the poor and unhappy. I envied the Earl when I thought him living, but now I envy him more. "Nature has bestowed nothing better on man than shortness of life." "In length of life there is nought, unless it be the prolongation of a most miserable being." Indeed, to breathe is to sigh; and wherefore should we grieve to part with our breath, since it will put a period to our sighs? Shortness of life is a blessing; the only one I do not wish those I love to enjoy before me!'

The reader will be pleased to recollect our hero's situation.—that he was without a farthing of money in his pocket; and he will then, perhaps, see nothing very improper or wonderful in the sentiment Barclay had just expressed.

It is very odd, that when we talk about death, we generally think that we are treating of a thing that concerns other people only; for

'All men think all men mortal but themselves.'†

If they will not acknowledge this, their actions prove it too clearly to admit of a doubt.

Conversing on this subject, however, it

§ Pliny.

† Cicero.

† Dr. Young.

is an awful reflection, that in eighty years from the time that I am now writing, except a few miserable human beings, and some worthless animals, all the animated nature existing with us at this moment, will be dead and gone!—

Still, though death is fearful, life has not appeared to be very estimable in the eyes of some people, if we may judge from the cause of their quitting it. The son of an eminent composer wrote to a friend of his, before he made away with himself, to the following effect:—'I find life nothing but a system of buttoning and unbuttoning: I am tired of it: farewell!'—Boswell, too, tells us of a gentleman who loved buttered muffins, but durst not eat them, because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself; and then he eat three buttered muffins for breakfast, before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion."

Yield ye Roman, yield ye Grecian suicides!—what have ye done to equal this!

#### CHAP. XVII.

*A dilemma—Gregory's expedient.—A character possessing a trait of novelty.—Old ladies' ebins.—The thing better than the word.—Barclay's appeal.—Its effects.—How to return a favour.—Licensed robbers.—Two resolutions.—The evil of riches.—The man of sense more bountiful than the man of money.—"Farewell!"*

OUR travellers' situation at this time was deplorable—without any money, they were still far from town. It was at this time about six o'clock in the evening. They had not tasted any thing that day. The prospect before them was naturally dreary; but, to render it still more so, the weather became hazy, the clouds collected over their heads, and large drops falling, portended a thunder-storm.

Gregory was ready to blubber, knowing that he was the cause of their present distress. Looking about, however, he espied a little cottage at some distance from them, situated at the foot of a hill.

'Let's go there,' he cried, pointing to the place.

'But we have no money,' replied Barclay.

'Never mind that, Sir,' he answered: 'I'll manage it, depend on't. The villains have left me my razors, scissors and comb. Little will serve us;—and I'll pay for that by cutting the children's hair, or shaving the host, or in some such way, rely upon it.'

'Well, well,' cried Barclay, seeing that they should soon be wet to the skin, if they did not take shelter, 'we shall see what you will do.'

As they drew near it, they perceived a man of a very rude and unpolished aspect,



standing at the door. He was evidently no peasant: he wore a large slouched hat, and an enormous great coat, which being open in front, exposed a girdle, in which were two large pistols. In a shed, close by, stood as it would seem, his horse, fully caparisoned, with holsters to the saddle.

It was now no time for retreat. The thunder rolled, and the rain poured down in torrents. Barclay was in no fear of being robbed; and he thought he might as well go in, and run the risk of being shot through the head, as to stay out and be drowned.

Approaching the cottage-door, he bowed to the stranger, as if begging permission to pass, who immediately stepped out, not seeming to mind the rain, and made way for our travellers to enter: he then resumed his former station.

They found within nobody but an old woman, who was tending a pot boiling on the fire. It appeared that she was the sole occupant of the place. Her little hair was as white as snow, and needed none of Gregory's assistance;—neither did her chin, though some old ladies call loudly for it, want the smoothing aid of his razor. Gregory looked very glum on finding his schemes thus baffled.

'We crave your hospitality,' said Barclay.

'Eh, what?' mumbled the old woman, not understanding the word 'hospitality,' altho' she presently proved that she understood what is better, namely, to shew it to all who need it.

'We beg you to let us sit here a short time,' continued Barclay, 'until the storm is over.'

'Ay, an your will,' replied the old woman, 'good folks, stay as long as you like. Ban't you a-wet? Come nearer the fire and dry ye.'

Here she stirred up the fire, and made room for them. Barclay thought it best to confess his circumstances, and the cause of them, and then petition for some refreshment. He consequently told what had happened to them, and how he had been driven to seek an asylum.

During the recital, the stranger, who never left the door, where he seemed to be continually watching for something, looked every now and then at Barclay, and appeared interested in the story.

When Barclay had finished, and before the old woman could say what she was about to say, 'that they were welcome to any thing the house afforded,' the stranger cried out in a rough voice,—'Dame, give the travellers the best you have, I'll pay for it.'

'Ay, there it is,' said the old woman; 'one can never do a bit of charity one's self, when you gentlemen are by; you are always so generous. With this she hobbled away, and presently placed on the table, a cheese, a brown loaf, and a mug of ale, saying, "here, eat away, and much good may it do you. Here I've got some eggs in my lap, which I'll boil for you in a minute or two."

'Thank you, thank you,' said Barclay. 'And you, Sir,' continued he, turning to the stranger, 'we are much indebted to you for your goodness.'

'Pooh, nothing!' he cried, 'dame, run to my horse—by the side of the saddle you will find a leathern bottle—bring it here—it's brandy, give it them.'

The old woman went and fetched it.

'Give me a glass,' said the stranger—'your healths!' here he tossed off a bumper of the brandy, and then, while our travellers were feeding away with rare stomachs, he added,

'I'm glad to see you eat so,—give me another glass.'

Drinking a second glass, he went on—

'You think me a strange character, I dare say—well so I am in some respect, but chance has made me so.'

'I am a little surprised at your appearance, I own,' replied Barclay, 'but I am convinced of the honesty of your heart, from your kindness to the unfortunate.'

'I love them,' he cried, 'from your manners and language I see you are a gentleman, and from your countenance I know you would not deceive any man. All you have said is true, I'll be sworn; and there, Sir, (here he stepped into the cottage, and put five guineas on the table,) take that,—if I had more to spare you should have it.' He then went back to the door.

'Upon my honour, Sir,' said Barclay, 'I don't know what to do—your—'

'Do,' exclaimed the other, 'put the money in your pocket, and think no more about it.'

'That can never be,' replied Barclay, 'I must always remember such extraordinary generosity. My wants are urgent, and I will accept your offer, but you must let me know to whom I can return it when I reach London.'

'Return it,' said the stranger, 'to some other distressed man, and say I gave it him. That's the only way you can repay me! Give me another glass, dame.' Swallowing this, he added, 'I'd come in and sit with you, but I'm on a bit of business. I'm a smuggler, my friend, and I expect a signal from my comrades every minute. Then I shall be off, and perhaps you'll never see me again.'

'I shall not forget your friendly assistance,' replied Barclay, 'and am sorry I see no likelihood of shewing my gratitude.'

'Enough, enough!'

'Your profession is not only dangerous,' said Barclay, 'but very fatiguing.'

'It is,' he replied, 'but I like it better than the smooth dealings with men in cities, who, under the mask of honesty, cheat and plunder a thousand times more than I do. I was once in trade, Sir, and an opulent man. In what they called the *fair way of business*, my professed friends cheated and betrayed me, until I became a bankrupt. I then turned smuggler, making these two resolutions:—the first, never again to have any commerce with *honest tradesmen*!—the second, never more to save any money! I despise wealthy men, and wonder that the world pay them so much homage. The man of sense is infinitely preferable, and yet he is comparatively contemned. Strange folly! from the latter, I derive some advantage, for he bestows on me part of the riches of his mind; but in the former I commonly find nothing but pride, dullness and stupidity; and his wealth, what is that to me? he will give me none of it, I am sure.'

At this moment they heard the report of a gun. The smuggler came hastily up to Barclay, shaking him by the hand, and crying, 'farewell!' rushed out of the cottage, jumped on his horse, and galloping over the hills, was presently out of sight.

'His health!' cried Gregory, seizing the mug of ale, 'and may prosperity attend him wherever he goes!'

'Ah, bless him,' exclaimed the old woman, 'he has a soul as wide as the sea, and a hand as bountiful as the sun. I know not what I should do but for him. I don't see him more than three or four times a year, and he always leaves me as much as keeps me warm and comfortable all the rest of the time.'

'His character is singular,' said Barclay, 'but he has a heart that would dignify a better body. He who will never let others want should never want himself—heaven send he never may!'

Here Barclay took a draught of ale, and enquiring the nearest way over the hills, thanked the old dame for her hospitable treatment, and set out with Gregory, in much better case to pursue their journey than they were an hour before.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OBSER.—Attorneys are to lawyers, what apothecaries are to physicians, only they do not deal in *scruples*.



THE

*Baths of the Emperor Julien.*

An Anecdote of the Fourth Century.

(CONCLUDED.)

SYLVANUS proceeded no further; but this interview overwhelmed him with sorrow; his eyes became moist and red; the wrinkles that furrowed his cheeks grew deeper every day, and the few hairs which straggled over his bald head also diminished. The palace of Cæsar resounded with the heavy groans of its inspector, and the works that Julien had directed, in order to its enlargement and decoration, languished in every department. Those vast buildings which extended southwards from the river to the hill,\* remained in an unfinished state; the scaffolding, abandoned by the labourers, still adhered to the half-raised walls; farther off, vast subterraneous passages, carried on even to the Seine, were left open to the public view. The extensive gardens of the emperor, planted with fig-trees and vineyards,† and which spread from the walls of the amphitheatre to the trees that grow on the *Campus Martius*;‡ from whence the eye surveys the palace of Cæsar, and the buildings and gardens which belong to it; then falls upon the fortress of the Parisians, which is embraced by the arms of the luxuriant Seine, and discovers the suburbs on the north, and the immense forests with which they are crowned—These gardens, I say, called in vain for the attentions of Sylvanus, heretofore so actively directed, and experienced a total stagnation.

One evening, while wandering distractedly in a shady part of the garden—"O my daughter," he ejaculated, "whom I expected would be the consolation of my old age, whose filial hand would close my eye-lids, and invoke the gods over my tomb, an artful deceiver is now about to rob me of thee for ever!"

Suddenly the form of Savinien crossed the view of Sylvanus: the centurion made a movement to retire; the old man advanced towards him with a firm and indignant step—"Barbarian," he cried, "restore to me my daughter."

\* See Cæsar, Vol. ii.

† See Felibien's History of Paris.

‡ According to Cælius, the amphitheatre was on the decline of the mountain of St. Genevieve, between the existing pantheon, and the ancient abbey of St. Victor. The *Campus Martius* according to the same author, was situated in the place at present occupied by the senate and its gardens.

Savinien. "I have not taken her from thee."

Sylvanus. "You inspire her mind with contempt for her father, and for every thing we hold sacred beneath the heavens."

Savinien. "I love her, and would save her soul from perdition."

Sylvanus. "But she is mine."

Savinien. "She belonged to God, before she became your daughter."

Sylvanus. "What, can I not dispose of my child?"

Savinien. "No, if the Almighty communicates his grace to her. Without doubt you may take away her life, since the laws have left thee master of it; but then shall she receive from the hands of her Saviour the palm of martyrdom."

Sylvanus. "Absurd reasoner, can you receive, yourself, this pretended palm! It is with this mystic language that you divide and distract the empire; on your account it is that we feel the heavy indignation of the gods; the invasions of barbarians, the ravages of the elements, perfidies, civil war, treasons, murders, are the consequence of your abominable doctrine."

Savinien. "I pity you, Sylvanus! How little you know of the Christian faith. It will lead men back to the innocence of the first age. How can there be contention and wars among the children of the same God? All corrupt passions, all impure desires, all vices, shall at length disappear before the light of the Gospel; magistrates shall no longer stand in need of the axe of the law; all men, in short, shall be governed by piety, moderation, brotherly love, and justice."\*

Sylvanus. "In the meantime we groan under all kinds of calamities, which commenced when our temples, transformed into sepulchres, were profaned by the relics of your saints; of those fanatics who were justly punished for having sewed dissension among us. Go, pray over your fleshless bones, your heads preserved in spirits of wine, and leave to us, our gods, our repose, and our children."

At these words Sylvanus turned away from Savinien with horror. Anger, love, and religious zeal were now carried to their height in the heart of Savinien. To revenge himself on the old man, to marry his daughter, and to save a soul; these three sentiments concentrated in one which inflamed and rankled in his bosom. He

\* Lactantius (Div. Inst.) asserted that this would be the infallible consequence of the establishment of Christianity.

found frequent means to converse with Priscilla, who was easily seduced by the insidious language of Savinien. The dread of losing his daughter now rendered Sylvanus severe and even cruel towards her. She had no longer the liberty of going beyond the limits of the buildings which formed her father's habitation. They looked upon the gardens of the emperor, but a strong iron grating preventing her from walking in them.

One morning, at an very early hour, while Sylvanus was still asleep, Savinien, who had succeeded in penetrating as far as this grate, and apprizing his mistress of his approach, thus conversed with her in secret. "My dear Priscilla," said he, "if you love me, you must follow me."—"Alas, I am a captive," replied the young girl. "How?" returned Savinien, "does this vast place, yet imperfectly built, afford no aperture through which I may enter, and favoured by the darkness of the night, snatch thee from thy tyrant, and from eternal destruction?"—"You might," she replied, "open a passage, but the experiment is dangerous."—"Never mind the danger, only point out the way I must go to reach you. I will then take you in my arms, and—"—"You see this wall, at present unfinished, with arches beneath it. It is the boundary of a deep moat, intended, at some future period, to be a conduit for the waters of the Seine. The arches are negligently inclosed."—"I perceive them," said Savinien; "I will lift up one of those planks."—"Heavenly powers!" exclaimed Priscilla, in great terror, "you will fall down a precipice. There is only one of the arches over which you can pass in safety; it is the second. A scaffolding is behind, by means of which you may easily cross the moat, that separates the wall from the private gardens of my father."—"Enough," said Savinien, "an hour after sun-set you shall be under my protection."

Here they bade each other adieu, and separated; but they had been overheard. Marfurius, overseer of the gardeners, being early to set his men at work, passed by at a little distance, while the lovers were conversing. Distinguishing the voice of his master's daughter, he had stopped to listen, and when they parted, he resumed his way without saying a word.

In the evening, just before the sun went down, Marfurius asked to speak with Sylvanus. Priscilla, tormented with that anxious suspense which always agitates the heart between the time of forming an important project and the moment of its ex-



ecution, hurried in violent emotion through every apartment of the palace. She saw Marfurius enter it at an unaccustomed hour. She glided into the corner of an obscure passage, which led to her father's chamber. There she stopped, and heard Marfurius relate every particular of the conversation that had passed between her and Savinien in the morning.

Sylvanus was quite furious at the discovery. Foaming with rage he was unable to speak. He could only utter a few inarticulate words. "Savinien! the wretch! cross the moat! ravish from me my child! Monster!"—"It will be easily enough to prevent him, and to punish him at the same time," said Marfurius. "How? how?" eagerly interrupted the old man. "After having passed the arch, he will proceed to slide down upon the scaffolding: it is only to remove a few boards, and the scaffold is taken away; and instead of fixing his foot upon a solid bridge, as he is led to expect, he will instantly be hurried down, and dashed to pieces—nothing can possibly prevent it."

At these words Priscilla fainted away. When she returned to her senses, her father and Marfurius were not to be found. She tried to go into Sylvanus's garden. The doors of communication were locked. A chilly horror crept through her veins. The sun was set. The hour fast approached when her lover was to arrive at the appointed spot. She ran over the palace, which was now to her a prison, but she was almost insensible to the surrounding objects, she knew not what she did, nor what she should do.

The only spot which commanded a view of the garden, was a terrace, planted with divers shrubs, and situated beneath the roof of the great hall of the public bath\*. From this elevated terrace, she could see her father's gardens, those of the emperor, and also the fosse, or rather precipice, which her lover was to leap. Thither she hastened. The day, though on its last decline, just enabled her to perceive that the scaffolding which she had pointed out to Savinien was no longer in its place.

She descended from the terrace; called wildly for her aunt and slaves. They thought she was mad. She ran out; returned; pronounced the name of her lover; threw herself at their feet, and conjured them to suffer her to quit the palace. They referred her to her father. Him she

went in search of: called, in a tone of desperation, upon his name. No one answered. Time flew. The fatal moment was at hand. "O Savinien!" cried the unhappy girl, "instead of me thou wilt embrace thy death; and it is I, I that have conducted thee to thy fate." She again ascended the terrace, as being the only situation from whence she could discern the place of rendezvous. She flattered herself that, notwithstanding the distance, her feeble voice might apprize her lover of the danger with which he was momentarily threatened.

By the time that Priscilla had mounted the terrace, it was almost night. Pale as death, she was in want of the highest exertion of her voice; and her voice stifled by the violence of her emotion, could scarcely make itself heard. In the course of a few seconds, she tho't she heard the sound of some footsteps on the planks that covered the arch upon which Savinien was to tread; but still she could see nothing. All is again still as death. Suddenly the noise without is repeated. A plank falls, and the precipice presents itself. "Gods! it is he! it is my beloved!"—Then summoning all her strength, and exerting her feeble voice to its utmost extent, she raves out "*Savinien, advance no further.*" The lover imagines that his mistress calls out to him to animate his courage; he slides down from the arch, and not feeling the scaffolding, utters a scream of horror, and falls headlong to the bottom of the moat

\* \* \* \* \*

Here the manuscript stops short. I have never been able to discover whether the Greek author proceeded any further, or whether the conclusion has been by any accident lost; so that it is impossible to know what became either of Priscilla, or the old Sylvanus, or what was done by the emperor, when he heard of the dreadful catastrophe that happened in his palace, and almost under his very eyes. I have turned over the pages of Ammianus Marcellinus, Zozimus, St. Gregory Nazianzen, Libanus, and the writings of Julien himself, without discovering any thing further upon the subject.

#### THE MEN WORTH FIFTY DOLLARS.

YESTERDAY I met an old acquaintance posting with great expedition up Broadway.

"What now? whither are you bound?"

"To the theatre."

"Why, you seem to be assiduous in your attendance: pray, how often do you go?"

"Every play-night that my health admits; and they are generally every night throughout the season. At this season I have been less punctual. I have not been above *fifty times* in all."

"Fifty times! Very moderate upon my word. The privilege of sitting for four hours, in a crowd of all ages and degrees; in the midst of glaring lights, occasional clappings and hisses, with a motly and varying scene before you, cannot be enjoyed for nothing. Pray what does it cost you?"

"Fifty nights amount, of course, to fifty dollars: but I have no time to talk to you now—so good-bye."

How different are different men disposed to employ these two precious commodities, time and money! A father once assembled a family of six sons around him: "My children," says he, "I am going to consult your wishes the best manner I can. I am obliged to demand your assistance in my calling, for the common benefit, and in return for your aid I give you food, cloathing, and shelter, suitable to your education and views; but, henceforth, I will do more. For the next half year I will give each of you fifty dollars, and the liberty of spending three evenings in every week, from six to twelve, just as your inclination may lead."

The offer was thankfully accepted; and the father became anxiously observant of the manner in which the respective tempers and veils of his children would direct them in the disposition of this time and money.

Tom, the eldest, was a saving, thrifty, prudent lad. He knew, long since, not only that time begot money, but that money begot itself. He therefore bestowed the *time* thus granted him, in working at his father's trade, but for his own emolument. As four hours, in which diligence labours for its own profit, is generally equal to a day's work on another's account, Tom had earned, at the end of the half year, by indefatigable application to the plane and chissel, another fifty dollars. The former sum, however, did not lie idly in his coffers all this while. After weighing the respective claims upon his choice, Tom yielded to the counsel of an uncle, who traded to the West-Indies, and invested the sum in an adventure to St. Domingo. The adventure was successful; and, being re-shipped on the second voyage long before the expiration of six months, Tom's share of the proceeds came into possession, which amounted to one hundred and fifty dollars. Thus the saving knowledge of Tom, turned his fifty into two hundred; and wrought, likewise, very favourably on his skill in the craft, and in confirming him in habits of industry and sobriety. It must be own-

\* This hall and terrace still remain; it is well known that the Emperors had halls to their baths, the use of which they appropriated to the public.



ed, however, that the general powers of his mind, and his sensibility, were not much advanced.

The second brother, *Will*, had unfortunately contracted a fondness for jovial company, the temporary mistress, the loo party and the bottle. These indulgences had hitherto been restrained by the want of leisure and money. Fifty dollars, and three evenings in the week, were by no means adequate to his wishes; but, contrasted with preceding penury and toil, they opened a glorious prospect to his view. At the end of six months, not only the money was squandered, but a debt of twice the amount contracted, which the father was obliged to pay. All his habits of sensuality and dissipation were aggravated, and his constitution deeply injured by irregularity and excess. In every respect, therefore, this present was pernicious to *Will*.

*Sam*, the third brother, was an handsome youth; impetuous and generous, full of the social sympathies, and swayed by the spur of the moment and the impulse of the heart. A little before this distribution had taken place, *Sam* had fallen in love with *Kitty Franks*, a charming creature, blooming with youth, overflowing with vivacity, enamoured in her turn with *Sam*, somewhat volatile and giddy, but containing the rudiments of many excellences.

On hearing his father's resolution, *Sam's* heart leaped for joy. He imagined no use of time or money but to gratify his passion for *Kitty*, and to multiply his social, but innocent pleasure. Immediately he ran off to *Kitty* to demand her congratulations on the liberty which was thus secured to them of frequently enjoying each other's society; and, all the way to the dwelling of his mistress, his imagination was full of the toys and trinkets which his fifty dollars would bestow upon the idol of his affections. A pocket-book, a muff, a toilet-cabinet, curiously divided into holes and corners, for pomatum, powder, wash-balls, and combs; and twenty box-tickets, at least, crowded, pell mell, into his fancy.

Unluckily, however, part of this golden scene was suddenly obscured by meeting an acquaintance next day who was in extreme want of twenty dollars to pay his taylor's bill. *Sam* was never proof against such solicitations, and accordingly complied. Half an hour after, the loan went into the coffers of *Tunbely*, keeper of a noted porter-house, in discharge of an old score. The remaining thirty, however, received the destination originally designed for them; and muffs, and trinkets, and the play-going privilege were bought. The supply, indeed, fell greatly short of *Sam's* generosity, but he found a sufficient consolation in the company of *Kitty*, with whom he regularly laughed and toyed away three evenings in the seven.

These interviews added so much fuel to

the fire of their passion, and they looked forward to the return of absence and restraint with so much reluctance, that they finally resolved to make their union sacred and irrevocable by marriage. On the last day of this half year of love and liberty, the father had the mortification to receive intelligence that the giddy and thoughtless pair had been tyed together by a parson in the neighbourhood. How far the good-humour, sanguineness, and hey-day of youth will secure the happiness of the newly married against parental indignation, accumulating want, and vanishing means, time must decide.

*Joe* and *Bob*, the fourth and fifth sons, were widely different from their elder brothers. *Joe* had been early distinguished by an attachment to the pencil, and to music. He was always a grumbling and reluctant workman in his father's shop; and, whenever the eye of authority was withdrawn from him, he was sure to rake a coal from the ashes and fall to scrawling the chins and noses of the journeymen upon the unfinished desk and half-made dining-table. At spare moments he was accustomed to steal from the kitchen-corner to a neighbouring Dutchman's, who lived by teaching music. Here, on the score of neighbourhood, he was allowed to sit and drink in the sounds of the flute and harpsichord which *Schraeder* played for the edification of his pupils.

These tunes were greedily caught, easily retained, and incessantly repeated by *Joe*, and constituted his amusement while at work with his saw and adze. His inexpressible longings were now somewhat gratified by the gift of fifty dollars and three evenings in the week. The money was immediately bestowed on *Schraeder*, as hire for his harpsichord and the use of note-books, and a garret to enjoy himself alone.

*Joe's* zeal was not to be quenched by time. Every day strengthened his passion for three octaves and a stop; and, at the expiration of his respite, he returned with new reluctance to manual labour. He found comfort, nevertheless, in reflecting that he now could perform intricate concerts with tolerable ease at first sight; and that the stock of musical ideas, the contemplation and repetition of which cheered his daily task, was greatly increased.

*Bob*, with unsocial views and liberal propensities, somewhat similar to his brother *Joe*, had selected a very different path for his voluntary diligence. *Bob* was smitten with the charms of natural philosophy; and while the pleasures of the sexes, of the play-house, of the ball-room, and the *tweedle-dum* of *Schraeder*, touched no answering chord in his heart, he applied his time and money, with unwearied diligence, to the construction of an electrical apparatus, with which, for his own amusement, and the wonder of his visitants, he drew fire from living bo-

dies, illuminated an inscription, set bits of paper, cut into human shape, dancing, performed all the other surprising feats that are usually performed on these occasions.

*Harry*, the youngest son, as he differed in shape and physiognomy from his brethren, had likewise a character and views wholly opposite to theirs. Books and meditation had early become favourite pursuits; but his application was regulated by circumstances peculiar to himself. His heart was by no means inaccessible to the tender passions. A connection was formed, at an early age, with a female pliant, full of tenderness, docility, modesty, and good sense; unambitious of distinction for wit or beauty, and only studious of performing those silent and domestic duties which are void of speciousness and ostentation. In these sentiments, she bore a perfect resemblance to *Harry*, who added to her amiable qualities, steadfastness of mind, large capacity, eagerness for useful knowledge, and that manual diligence suggested by reflection on the benefits of competence and the subservience of money, not only to our own gratification, but to the good of others.

The father's gifts were not less acceptable to *Harry* than to *Bob*, or *Joe*, or *Sam*, or *Tom*, or *Will*. Indeed, an higher value was set upon the bounty inasmuch as a juster conception was formed of the benefits which it put within his reach. The money was not bestowed upon the theatre, or toys, or pocket-books, or fiddle strings, or glass bottles, not because these objects were intrinsically worthless, or necessarily pernicious, but merely because his taste demanded higher enjoyments; and he held it his chief duty to promote, by all possible means, the rational improvement and lasting happiness of her whom he had selected as the partner of his future life. He laid out his money, partly in those necessary accommodations of which the indigence of her he loved stood in need, and partly in volumes of history, morals, and poetry, which conveyed practical knowledge; and while they opened an avenue to laudable pleasures, furnished a criterion of preference. The day was sufficiently engrossed with toils, merely mechanical and lucrative; and the evenings of liberty were therefore devoted to her company, and to those pursuits which might be carried on with more success jointly than separately.

Money and time thus spent, did not produce transient or momentary effects. The ideas acquired from their reading were immortal; and their library, regarded as a mere commodity in traffic, was calculated to replace the money which had purchased it, if carried to market at the end of the year, and after it had yielded to their studious attention all treasures. Their interviews without awaking impatience and re-

injustice at that privation which ensued, qualified them to sustain it with cheerfulness and dignity, by adding new brightness to their prospects, and affording them the delightful perception of their progress in intellectual energy and moral excellence.

Such was the half-years history of the six brothers. The fortune of each was fifty dollars, and each employed his wealth in the manner he deemed most prudent. The candid observer may claim to sit in judgment on the merits of their various schemes, in favour of which will he decide? What-ever be his servitude to sensual habits, there is no one, perhaps, will imagine *Will* to be the Solomon of this groupe. *Sam* will not be without his admirers, his advocates, and his imitators. There are many votaries of science and the muses who will declare in favour, some of *Joe* and others of *Bob*. The grave and reverend seniors, whose wisdom is the harvest of long life and old experience, will instantly bestow their voice upon *Tom*. But what is the number of those who will admit *Harry* into competition with his brethren for the laurel of discretion?

[*Lad. Mon.*]

## The Bouquetier.

NO. VII.

### THE LILY.

Consider the Lilies—Solomon, in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. S. S.

THE LILY!—ah! but who can limn,  
In numbers that can vie with her,  
This Flow'r of Light, this Beauty's beam,  
The queen, the pride of the parterre?  
Ye gentlest, softest of the tuneful Nine,  
Aid and approve my song with smiles divine.

Welcome, bright visitant! For Youth  
Thou dost the choicest emblem bear,  
Of chastness, purity and truth,  
Of innocence and virtue fair;  
The joyous Summer and the Solar ray,  
Welcome thy op'ning beauties to the day.

What radiance from thy silv'ry vest,  
Diffuses glories round thy head!  
The gorgeous monarch of the east,  
Was not in such effulgence 'ray'd;  
Nor did his ill-consorted spices give,  
Such sweets as from thy bosom we receive;

That bosom, which so delicate,  
With virgin-whiteness mantled o'er,  
Can alabaster emulate,  
Or marble from the Parian shore,  
Displays my Fair-One's bosom's silken skin,  
Thro' which her purer soul and thoughts are seen—

AMYNTA'S bosom—lovely 'tis!  
There every grace and virtue rest;  
The throne of love, the throne of bliss,  
Calm as the regions of the blest;  
There all endearing qualities unite,  
To charm the eye and mind with sweet delight.

Yet, tho' thou'rt fair, enchanting flow'r,  
Beaming around thee light and joy;  
Thy transient reign is as an hour,  
And that some spoiler may destroy;  
Orevious blast, call'd forth by night's black brow,  
May blight thy leaves, or lay thine honours low.

Then, by our Fair Creation, hence  
From thee, be this choice lesson gain'd—  
Their noblest gem is INNOCENCE,  
And that the easiest to be stain'd,  
And when once soil'd, or robb'd, its glory o'er,  
It rises, lives and flourishes—no more.

Not so the Happy Few who shine,  
In Modesty and Wisdom's ways,  
Circled by Virtue's rays divine,  
They shed around celestial grace;  
And when old Time veils Nature all in night,  
Brighter they'll shine in uncreated light.

AMYNTOR.

### ORIGINAL CHARADE.

MY first is used for blind fatality;  
My second with the ladies you will see;  
A hissing consonant my third spells right,  
Tho' some would drive it from the letters quite:  
My whole's a jewel, and earth's highest prize;  
Courts all, and then their grasp elusive flies.

RELAXATION.

## PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 19, 1802.

### CLIOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

\* \* \* An adjourned meeting of the CLIOSOPHICAL SOCIETY will be held at the usual place, this evening, at half past 7 o'clock.

Members are requested to be punctual in their attendance, as there is business to be transacted of the first magnitude.

June 19th, 1802.

### Recipe for the CHOLERA MORBUS.

TAKE a pint of Madeira, or other good wine, and three tea-spoon fulls of Rhubarb—mix them well together, and drink a wine-glass full every few minutes, as occasion may require.

There are now in this city living evidences to the efficacy of this simple remedy; who have been more than once raised as it were, from the gates of death, by means of it alone, when other remedies and medicines have failed.

[From the Northumberland Gazette]

MR. KENNEDY,

The herb mentioned by Valentine Kettering\* (for curing the bite of a mad animal) called red Chick Weed, and in English Pimpernel, being without a description, I have thought proper to send a description for insertion:—It hath divers weak square stalks lying on the ground, beset with two small and almost round leaves at every joint, one against another, very like chick weed, but hath no foot stalks; for the leaves as it were compose the stalk: the flowers stand singly each by themselves, at them, and the stalk consisting of five small round pointed leaves, of a pale colour, tending to an orange, with so many threads in the middle; in whose place succeed smooth round heads, wherein are contained small seed, the root is small and fibrous, perishing every year; it flowereth from May until August, and the seed ripeneth in the mean time and fall-eth.

A number of disorders are said to be cured by this most valuable herb.

I am your most  
Obedient servant,

J. W.

\* See Repository, No. 22, Vol. ii.

A GRAND CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music is proposed to be given by Mr. John I. Hawkins, on Monday evening, the 21st inst. at the Hall of the University in Fourth street, when he will perform on the CLAVIOL, a musical Instrument on a plan entirely new, possessing powers superior to all others; and which has never been exhibited before.

Tickets, one Dollar.

Efficacious method of driving away rats:—Take the expressed juice of the stalk or leaves of the deadly nightshade, and make it into a soft paste with oatmeal or wheat flour, place it in the holes or tracks which the rats frequent, and though they will not eat it, yet it is so disagreeable to them, that they will instantly leave the premises.

The burning mountain in the island of Banda, in the South Seas, has lately made an eruption, the lava of which has destroyed almost all the plantations and inhabitants in its vicinity.

## Marriages.

MARRIED, in this City, on the 15th inst. Mr. Francis Renshaw, to Miss Frances Budden.

On the 17th, at the Friend's Meeting in Montgomery county, Dr. Thomas C. James, to Miss Hannah Morris, daughter of the late James Morris Esq.

At New York, Mr. Samuel Palmer, of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Allaire.

## Deaths.

DIED, in this City, on the 16th inst. P. M. Mrs. Mary Berrett, widow of the late Timothy Berrett aged 71 years. On the present mournful occasion, a sincere friend of the deceased would do injustice to her memory and his own feelings, were he to decline uniting his sympathies of sorrow with the grief of the surviving relatives, who will long mourn, because they will long feel the affecting loss of one of the best of parents. Virtue and truth call from the heart this humble tribute of respect and esteem,—far from flattery and feigned regret:—All who knew her can bear testimony that she was an affectionate and indulgent mother; an obliging and beloved neighbour; a kind and cordial friend; an intelligent and agreeable companion; and above all, a truly sincere CHRISTIAN. How consoling, therefore, to reflect, that the hour of her death, like the whole tenor of her life, was tranquil and serene! Not a murmur escaped her at that solemn trying period; but possessing a perfect recollection of mind, and with a pious resignation to the DIVINE WILL, she passed from time to eternity,—in the full assurance of a blissful and glorious immortality, through the mediation and atonement of OUR EVER-BLESSED REDEEMER,—the best solace through life, and the only support to the soul in the dead, the awfulment of dissolution.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Lines on Summer," by Carlos—Curious Letter of the famous Cardinal Richelieu—"Elegy on the death of Elizabeth M. Wilkes"—See. will appear.

Reply to the 14th Query of the Quærist, on the comparative merits of the MINERVA and the REPOSITORY, came too late for insertion this week, but shall appear in our next.

Several other articles have been received.

A number of deferred poetical favours will receive our earliest attention.



# TEMPLE of the MUSES.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### EULOGIUM-ODE

ON

### WILLY SMOOTH.

WILLY WAS A WAGON WAG.

SCOTCH SONG.

"O For a muse of fire!" great Shakespeare rung;—  
But why? because a *kindred* theme he sung—  
How blest is RUGGED with so fine a model!  
O for a muse of *water*! how I pant,  
Or, if you please, of *air*, that *nightly* haunt  
The lakes or woods...to praise SMOOTH WILLY'S  
noddle.

FIRST, ye green, pretty, little quadrupeds,  
Lift from your scummy streams your jewel'd heads;  
And, while from out the sedge your snouts are poking,  
Thro' two-inch labia, from your swelling throats,  
Your kinsman, WILLY, sing in liquid notes,  
Soft as his own, 'yclep'd by many croaking:

And next, ye biped, russet, feather'd race,  
Of golden eye, curv'd mouth, and solemn face,  
O join your brother-songster's praise bewitching:  
Swell WILLY'S eulogy thro' woods, o'er plains;—  
Oh strive to emulate his *kindred* strains,  
And make Dame Nature's self eke fall a screeching.

Sing how he shines in Mr. HOGAN'S paper,  
Pouring effulgence on the molewarp scribblers,  
Great as the sun contrasted with a taper,  
He makes the chap-fall'n gentry skulk...mere dribblers...

Who hence, with eyes half-blinded by his light,  
Must tune their lays to the "dull ear of night."

But, hark, the song!—Now WILLY strikes the strings;  
And thus he plays, and thus the æther rings:—

"I can't bear other's praise—I'll write—nay, bawl—

"Better be damn'd than not to write at all—

"For, who will know my wit profound, unless

"My critiques frighten scribblers from the press?

"Fame, thou'rt a jilt, to pass me careless by,

"While, I so out o'-breath, thy smiles am seeking:

"However, I'll now have of praise my picking;

"At least, I'll have a finger in the pie:—

"For, thus to see these fellows—I can't bear—

"Fill'd with thy favours, as balloons with air,

"Higher they shall not rise!—I'll knit an ode,

"Complex and long as weavers knit their garters,

"And with it stop the much-frequented road,

"That leads up to the Muses' fair head-quarters:

"Hence, those alone shall get a passport free,

"Whose odes are found by WISE "eke cap-a-pee."

The strain has ceas'd—and lo! THE ONE appears,

"With spirit instinct," all o'er eyes and ears,

Those bright as Argus's, these long as asses';

And it does far the Scripture-veto flee,

"Likeness of nought in heav'n, or earth or sea,"

So much it ev'ry other Ode surpasses.

Poet divine! thy CRITIC ROLLS are keen as  
Or grandiose Aristotles, or Longinus';

And awe-inspiring as PROCRUSTES' bed:  
Hence, should some Genius bold presume in thought  
To shoot above thee, for so great a fault  
Thy shears shall amputate his legs, or head.

And sure such upstarts well deserve the shaving,  
Who say, ye Critics, *no ideas having*.

Can't fairly judge of other people's merits—  
Fools! don't they know your *trade sublime* to be;  
That ye to *THINK* have no necessity,

And leave that drudg'ry to ignoble spirits?

Where are the Critics since the first of ages,  
That ever wrote a half a dozen pages.

In efflux bright of heav'n-born inspiration?  
'Tis all a joke! the soul-inspiring God,  
Ne'er touch'd their heart or brain;—for lo! thine Ode—  
But soft—one parting word in commendation.

If, as some first-rate writers have opin'd,  
That's the best composition which we find,  
Leaves *something* for the reader to imagine;  
Thou art perfection's paragon and king,  
Who to invention hast left EVERY THING,—  
Without one single hole or cranny,  
Or for a wise-man, or a zany,  
Meaning, or sense, or thought to wedge in.

RUGGED AND TOUGH.

\* Procrustes was a noted tyrant, who measured his  
guests by the length of his bed: if too long, he cut them  
shorter; if too short, he stretched them longer.

## HYMNS.

### HYMN IV.

Remember that thou magnify His works which men  
behold. Job xxxvi. 24.

O THOU eternal radiant Light!  
Teach me Thy works, Thy ways to trace  
From time's first dawn, and sable night,  
And all the large domain of space.  
Eternity can but suffice  
My mind to illumine, and make me wise.

The universe so wide, so large;  
Is but the centre of Thy throne:  
Infinite systems are thy charge;  
But THOU infinite art alone:  
O teach my heart Thee to adore  
In ev'ry view, and praise Thee more.

From Thy eternal throne above,  
Infinite rays thro' space proceed;  
Each brings a message full of love,  
To those who sighing feel their need.—  
O teach my heart, O teach my tongue  
To sound thy praises in my song.  
Bright seraphs hang upon Thine arm,  
And insects crawl beneath Thine eye;  
Thy influence kind directs the storm;  
Thy Spirit, zephyr's gentle sigh.  
All, all are thine,—to Thee all known  
Who soar, think, bask beneath Thy throne.

Thy wide extended hand supplies  
The wants of all created things;  
To Thee, they lift their waiting eyes,  
To each a SAV, some succour brings,

They taste thy goodness, boundless, free,  
And none forgotten are by thee.

Thus all *one common* bounty share—  
But man!—No seraph's skill can trace  
Thy love divine, Thy pow'r, Thy care  
Extending to the human race.

O man raise high the grateful song,  
Angels assist—the notes prolong.

In sin and guilt desponding lay  
Thy creature, none had pow'r to free;  
Clouds, dark, thick, low'ring, veil'd the day  
Of cheering immortality:  
But Love dispell'd the clouds of night,  
And grac'd the world with heav'nly light.

Jesus thy son, in peace array'd,  
Hath brought salvation from thy throne:  
We taste its sweets,—stand undismay'd,  
And all thy love transcendent own.  
O! for an angel's lyre to sing,  
The praise of our salvation's King.

High would I raise my feeble voice,  
Thro' time, thro' space my notes would sound:  
This theme would ever be my choice,  
Sweet theme which ever will abound—  
Pure heavenly praise would then arise,  
And angels join sweet symphonies.

X, W. T.

## ENIGMA.

I can't be seen but felt with ease,  
I'm heard or not just as you please;  
I'm pleasant, painful, both or neither—  
From these you soon my name may gather.  
But least you think me too concise,  
Know that I'm harmless or a vice;  
A sign of treachery once I've been,  
But now a mark of friendship seem.

By particular request we publish the following Enigmatical List of \*\*\*\*\* Young Ladies.

1. The name of a fruit, omitting the last letter, and a male child.
2. Five-eighths of what is generally applied to boils, and the last three letters of what a riding-horse is frequently termed.
3. An auctioneer's wish, and the last three letters of that which is not easily solved.
4. One half of what are frequently brushed from the table, one-fourth of a crowned head, a serpentine letter, and what a bundle of thread is termed.
5. The name of a Jewess well known in sacred story, (for the lady's Christian name)—the thirteenth letter of the alphabet, one half of a dangerous person, and the last five letters of certain small nuts.
6. A dangerous insect, omitting the last letter, and one-sixth of a miser's perpetual fear.
7. A cliff used in music, two thirds of a colour, and the two last letters of half a score.

ALONZO S.

Answer to the Enigmatical List of Revolutionary Characters, in Page 240.

- |               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Washington | 7. Montgomery |
| 2. Adams      | 8. Hancock    |
| 3. Jefferson  | 9. Gates      |
| 4. Warren     | 10. Wayne     |
| 5. Franklin   | 11. Greene    |
| 6. Mercer     | 12. Wooster   |